

PLAY AND POEMS

PS 635
.Z9
W353
Copy 1

BY
WILLIAM WATTS

KING PHILIP IV
LYCIDAS AND FELICIA
CLEOPATRA'S DREAM



10

BENTON HARBOR, MICHIGAN

U. S. A.

FIRST EDITION

24

PLAY AND POEMS

BY
WILLIAM WATTS

KING PHILIP IV
LYCIDAS AND FELICIA
CLEOPATRA'S DREAM



BENTON HARBOR, MICHIGAN

U. S. A.

FIRST EDITION

PS635
29W353.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY
WILLIAM WATTS

✓

OCT 26 1916

© CLA 445355

720.1

TMP92-007533

CONTENTS

KING PHILIP IV	5
LYCIDAS AND FELICIA.....	27
CLEOPATRA'S DREAM.....	31

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PHILIP IV.	King of Spain
DON JUAN OF AUSTRIA.	Son of King Philip
COUNT OF OLIVARES.	the King's Councillor
DUKE OF OSUNA.	Governor of Naples
MARQUIS OF SPINOLA.	General of King's Army
DON LUIS DE HARO.	Nephew to Olivares
LUJANES.	A Courtier
PRINCE CHARLES OF ENGLAND.	Prince of Wales
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.	Councillor to the Prince
SIR FRANCIS COTTINGTON.	Gentleman-in-Waiting to the Prince
FRANCOIS.	Friend to Don Luis de Haro
DON ANGELO.	Lieutenant of King's Bodyguard
POWDER.	A Poet
LAPATTO.	A Tavern Host
PRINCE QUICKLIFE	Royal Servants
MERCICA.	Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess
MARPETTA.	A Flower Girl
TWO NUNS.	

Lords, Ladies, Maids of Honor, Nobles, Courtiers, Officers,
Soldiers, Foresters and Other Attendants.

SCENE—Spain.

KING PHILIP IV.

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

A Street in Madrid

Enter the Count of Olivares and Don Luis de Haro, meeting.

De Haro. Good morrow, uncle.

Olivares. Good morrow unto you, my noble nephew.
Will you come with me? I have audience
Of great importance with our sovereign king.
Already he has banished Duke Uceda,
And driven from his court the priest, Aleaza;
So it does happen that this morning
The Duke Osuña will be tried in council.
Whereof much disappointment awaits him.

De Haro. Then it is true that this arch traitor duke
Did purpose to usurp the crown of Naples?

Olivares. As bitterly he will repent of it
When he hears sentence that will eschew all
His proud insignia, forfeiture of his lands,
Exempt of heirs through confiscation.
Therefore, his guilt stands to be acquitted
As death to treason.

De Haro. Think you, the king's mercy, which has prevailed
Through many bloody wars, will arbitrate
Between the king and duke?

Olivares. Forsooth, the king will not show mercy.
Our neighbor France makes war against us,
While England frowns again upon our shores.
Our peace is broken with the Valtellines,
Which have revolted and are up in arms,
Swearing allegiance to the king of France.
Whose pow'rful army allied with Duke Savoy
Will not with Spain make any valid truce
Until the Venetian province in dispute
Be sequestered to the Pope of Rome.

De Haro. Thus Duke Osuña does by traitorous acts
Condemn himself forever.

Olivares. Now, by my sword,
We will wage war with France a hundred years
To hold what we have won in rightful conquest.

De Haro. I pray you, uncle, take me to the trial
Of this disgraceful duke.

Olivares. Well, so I shall. Let us go together.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

A Path in the Forest

Enter François and Merciea.

Merciea. Ask me no more until to-night.
Here in the forest we will sit and rest
On blue-eyed violet banks. The youthful day
Begins his tardy, brilliant pilgrimage
Toward the western hills. Here we will talk
Of kings and queens, of courts and palaces.
When does handsome Charles, the Prince of Wales,
With the good-looking Duke of Buckingham,
Visit our Spanish court?

François. To-morrow they arrive,
And should our lovely princess match with
Charles,
Sealing the nuptials for a royal wedding,
There will be great rejoicing through the land.
But it is known that there is deadly enmity
Between the English Duke of Buckingham
And our hot-blooded Count of Olivares,
Which, like as not, when they shall meet at court
Will suddenly blaze forth in violent quarrels;
Granting it so, our side must bear the brunt.
'Twould force the prince to stand by Buckingham,
Who favors as a wife for England's heir
The French king's daughter.

Merciea. Our princess would have cause to grieve, indeed;
And I do hope she will be England's queen.

François. But, Merciea, why talk of queens and kings
When we may talk of love and wedding rings?

Hear me, dear lady, as a lover plead
 To prove, to have, my heart's devotion heed ;
 When morning dews like heavenly pearls are laid,
 Bedecking flow'r-crowned wood and forest
 sward—

Merciea. Then it is time to wake and be astir.

François. When the sun wheels his golden chariot
 Chasing the shadows through the silver sky.

Merciea. Then should fair ladies shun his brightest rays.

François. When wild, sweet-scented herbs blow through
 green woods,

Dotted with ox-lips, ferns and leafy places,
 Where nymphs, tired elves, and fairy tenants sleep
 From pleasant labor of the sylvan night—

Merciea. Then do the nightingales sing sweet o' nights.

François. When it is sweet to hear the woodland dove
 Calling her truant mate, I love Merciea.

Merciea. Do you love me, François? What does love do ?
 Love lights his flaming torch at fires divine
 To guide true lovers toward Hymen's shrine.
 There shines from it the spirit of sweet youth,
 The light of wisdom and the zeal of truth ;
 The kindness which substitutes deformity—
 For that deformed, so no defect there be ;
 The gentleness of sorrow, the strength of joy,
 The heart's content which pride nor riches cloy ;
 The courage of virtue, blazing like a sun,
 The book in which love's golden thought is spun ;
 The mirror on which Beauty breathes to see
 Time's cloudy day reflected as 'twill be ;
 How then can you, who see not this in love,
 Say that you love me, listening to a dove ?

François. Then Heaven be the witness of my love
 For you, fair lady ; as I kiss your hand,
 Accept this ring as token of my love ;
 And, if you will, when will you marry me ?

Merciea. Why, on that day when Charles, the Prince of
 Wales,
 Shall wed our princess, you shall marry me.

François. We will go home and so inform our friends.
 This happy scene shall live in memory ;
 This forest a church, these trees the audience,
 Their silver tongues sweet-tuned like wedding
 bells,

Not harsh, but joyful; and to make lasting
 This glad rehearsal ere we truly wed,
 Our lips must meet as we embrace in love.
 One kiss, indeed, one kiss from your rare lips,
 Makes me despoil the choicer of all your harms;
 More is not wished than this all-sweet consent
 Which you so lovingly approve and give.

[*Exeunt Francois and Mercica.*

SCENE III

A Park Near the Palace

Enter Charles, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Buckingham, disguised.

Charles. Now, Buckingham, you lose your thousand crowns!
 Yonder comes Cottington, walking slowly.
 It is discernible in his face
 That the fair princess is not praised enough.
 As you shall hear.

Buckingham. How now, dear Charles?
 Rumor's hearing does captivate you.
 She may be lovely and well qualified
 To win the approval of your subjects
 Should you think her worth equal to your crown;
 But the French king's fair daughter, I am sure,
 Does match the Infanta's rank and beauty.
 That marriage I pray Heaven to bring about
 Which will keep peace between France and England.

Enter Sir Francis Cottington

Charles. Sir Francis, did you behold the princess?

Cottington. My liege, we met in the palace garden.
 She is most lovely, and not false, I swear.
 My admonition is, beware of her!
 The light of Heaven kindles her youthful eyes;
 Her graceful form is Nature's perfect mould;
 There seemed to be sweet music in her voice.

Buckingham. You have observed her closely, Cottington.
 'Tis well you accomplished it adroitly.

Charles. I am anxious to see this fair princess.
 We will, my dear friends, throw off our disguises,
 And presently meet at the court of Spain.
 Then, if King Philip receives us kindly,
 You may take time to learn what concerns us,
 While I go a-courting with Maria.

Cottington. So, that it pleases you, we will return
 To our lodgings.

Charles. Our country unto Spain we will make known
 By message to the king.

Buckingham. [Aside to *Cottington.*] Our prince will quickly
 want to go to France
 When I have speech with Count of Olivares.

[*Exeunt the Prince of Wales, the Duke of
 Buckingham, and Sir Francis Cottington.*]

Enter Lujanes and Mercica

Lujanes. You are now near the summer of your love,
 Which will increase the passionate pleadings
 Of your lover; his burning words are born
 With unfeathered wings of thought, which in good
 time
 Will be full grown.

Mercica. I hope his voice grows wise,—
 What do you think this madcap Francois said
 As, 'neath a fan, I looked into his eyes?

Lujanes. Did he declare his love with tearful sighs?

Mercica. He gave me a red rose and spoke like this:
 “I'll kiss your lips, the sun does kiss your hair,
 And I am jealous; I'll kiss your eyes,
 Then they shall see my lips and not the sun!”

Lujanes. He has this fault, and you have patience
 With which to subjugate his vanity.

[*Exeunt Lujanes and Mercica.*]

Enter Marpetta

Marpetta. Unhappy day! unhappy day for me,
 Where seems much happiness for all but me!
 Go hide, thou sun, in never ending night,
 Shine not again upon a wicked world.
 For thou art false, and everything is false.
 Open thy door, thou dismal tomb of death,
 One knocks without who waits to enter in,
 For love is dead!

[*Exit.*]

ACT SECOND

SCENE I

The Throne Room in the Palace

Enter King Philip, the Marquis of Spinola, the Count of Olivares, Don Luis de Haro, the Duke of Osuña, Don Angelo, Lujanes, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

Philip. To you, my lords and councillors, greetings. To that which is approved remembrance shall Establish history. For those faults constrained There is forgiveness asked for ignorance. It is essential to want wisdom, So that in the transformation of thought That which gains honor may get forbearance. So well you have pleased us, Count Olivares, With your valuable serviees to Spain, Which I, your king, perceiving happily, Find we are much indebted unto you. Let me now read what doeuments you have, Or hear of matters which purport unto Our kingdom's welfare.

Olivares. My sovereign king. I take ambitiously what you bestow; Such high regard helps that dear service, Which weighs with the privilege of agreement; But to make the dread presence in the realm Of usurpation setting forth opinion Against the maintenance of proud titles, Of lofty favors born with star-like honor From the bosom of civil peace; to edge Sedition with a serpent's tooth, which reeks As foul with treason as a battle's stench; To fawn with gloved hands while the bristling heart Thrusts forth its venom'd daggers and inflicts Into the honest body of allegiance A death-dealing blow! You, Duke Osuña, Have sold our soldiers to the Valtellines, Stirred them to revolt, and by means of war Would wrest fair Naples from the crown of Spain. I accuse you of treason, Duke Osuña! Hope that you obtain mercy from your king.

Philip. What! what! a viper in our midst? What! you? Duke Osuña, do you stand guilty

In this conspiracy against our kingdom,
Our army and possessions beyond Spain?

Osuña. My sovereign king, I do confess my guilt,
And seek your pardon with repenting heart:
May Jesus Christ have mercy on my soul.

Philip. Duke of Osuña, governor of Naples,
To-day, my poor but loyal subjects
Do render unto me a rich account;
Nay, let not tears of shame run down your cheeks
When our wrenched hearts let fall great drops
of blood.

Look then to Heaven alone for mercy!
Be it known to all, by virtue of our seal,
You are deprived of honor and title,
Your heirs shall not claim lineal descent:
Your rich estates and all your property
Shall be impounded as royal treasure:
You shall be imprisoned in a dungeon
With never hope to come from it again.
Look to your prisoner, Don Angelo!

[*Exeunt Osuña and Don Angelo, guarded by soldiers.*

Spinola. My gracious king, Charles, the young Prince of
Wales,
Attended by the Duke of Buckingham,
With Sir Francis Cottington, now makes known
His visit in your kingdom. He forwards
Greetings and wishes audience with your majesty.

Philip. General, go welcome them to our court.
I will await them.

[*Exit Spinola.*

SCENE II

The Garden of the Palace

Enter the Marquis of Spinola, the Count of Olivares, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Buckingham, Sir Francis Cottington, the Princess Maria, François, Merciea, Courtiers, and Ladies.

Spinola. Princess Maria, these royal visitors
Have come o'er seas from friendly England
To be our guests. This is the Prince of Wales,
Beside him stand the Duke of Buckingham
And that good knight, Sir Francis Cottington.

Charles. Fair princess, this meeting makes our visit
Yet wanting, since much praise still lacks much
praise,
When we would graciously show that pleasure
Which speaks our thanks to meet you in person.

Buckingham. Be sure, fair princess, this occasion does
Add mine to the Prince of Wales's pleasure.

Cottington. I plead for this extended courtesy,
To kneel before you as you honor me.

Maria. I thank you all and welcome you to Spain.
Had you pleasant voyage?

Charles. A sea at times
Like polished glass mirrored our happy sails,
Or with wind so fair that the whistling shrouds
Made every heart keep merry all the way.

Maria. Then you must keep as merry while on land;
Here we have games which northern countries
scold,
Saying they are too naughty to be seen;
But would you like to have a Spanish rose?
And tell me if our roses can compare
With those you grow in England's gardens fair;
For I have heard that English roses are
More beautiful than any in the world.

Charles. Show me your Spanish games, for ours are dull;
Show me, I beg you, through your lovely garden;
Here the sun shines longer than in England,
And there is not an English rose that grows
That has more beauty than your Spanish rose.

[*Exeunt Charles, Maria, Mercica, Spinola, Cottington, Courtiers and Ladies.*]

Buckingham. Now, what, indeed, does make the princee praise
more
What is in Spain, which not o'er-equals that
What is in France and England? How comes it
That this contention, augmented by proof,
To his young eyes appears differently?

Olivares. How now, indeed? He may not look behind
Unless he likes! Why should not our great Spain
Enlarge the young Princee of Wales's vision?
She's wealth and war strength which equal
England's,
And she's as much as Francee or yet much more;
Or yet as much as Francee and England have.

Buckingham. Well, this I know that when he seeks a wife,
France has that much more than Spain and
England,

And when she shall be crownéd England's queen,
So that much more will England stronger be;
And, if you please, what then will poor Spain do?

Olivares. Before that day, proud Buckingham, take care
That England does not sue to Spain for peace.

Buckingham. Before that day England will make the terms
Which Spain will willingly be glad to take.

Olivares. Now, speaking for my most sovereign king,
Who receives this insult as from England,
I wish you clear from Spain without delay,
Taking along your big boy, the Prince of Wales.
Go, tell the king of England what I say,
And coddle with that bird-brained king of France.
Be off yourself as quickly as you can.
Were it not for the Princess Maria,
Who now returns to stop your braggart tongue,
I would cross swords with you, to show you how
Your little England and your lesser France
Should taste defeat, great Duke of Buckingham,
When Spain 'gainst France and England clash
in war!

Buckingham. God speed the opportune time, Olivares.
When you shall find me great as you declare!

*Re-enter Charles, Cottington, Spinola, François,
Maria, Mercica, Courtiers, and Ladies.*

Maria. What! angry words between the duke and count?
Oh, Charles, by their pale faces, something's
wrong;

Hate shoots like lightning from their fiery eyes.
Will you, for my sake, try to make them friends?

Charles. I will speak privately with Buckingham,
So let your heart have hope and not alarm.
Farewell, sweet princess!

Maria. A sad farewell, indeed,
Should I not see your face again, dear Charles?

Spinola. Do not let sudden grief control you, madam;
For, just as sure as music wants a player,
If you will look around, you'll truly find
Some sudden joy to drive these tears away.

*[Exeunt Charles, Buckingham and Cottington;
in opposite directions, Olivares, Spinola,
Maria, Mercica, François, Courtiers and
Ladies.*

SCENE III

A Tavern Yard

*Enter Princee, Quicklife and Powder.**Powder.*

Majestic hue.

Princee.

Declaim not so early in the day.

Powder.

Of Venus' fleecy sky!

Quicklife.

Go fetch wine, poet.

Powder.

Sleeps on her fleeting couch the Goddess Love!

Prince.

Wake her not, Powder.

Powder.

To part the silver mists her shoulders move—

Quicklife.

Immediately buy wine as atonement!

Powder.

O chaste Diana! why by Neptune's brook

Art idly wondering if the water's cold?

Wilt shortly take thy bath?

Prince.

Lord, Quicklife, can mortals endure more?

Powder.

Fall not in. How'd Olympus save thee

Full fifty thousand starry leagues away?

Quicklife.

Olympus be twice drowned and damned

Ere thou declaim of him again.

Powder.

But stern Achilles, proud to pigmy wars,

Forth upon the field which giant Ajax strode

Sought battle of the challenging conqueror.

Then came Ulysses to Achilles' camp,

Plaiting the mane of the great war-horse, Pan.

Prince.

Fish-pan, Powder?

Powder.

Pan in the Homeric sense I'll continue—

Quicklife.[Striking him] Thou shalt discontinue and be
eudgeled.*Powder.*

Desist! Wine like a river shall flow—

Oh! my precious back, what an immense blow!

*[Exit Powder.]**Quicklife.*

Prince, by my soul, I like the fellow well,

For he's the brilliant flame of merry wit.

The wick of happy thought, what say you then

If we hold to him and make him our pal?

Prince.

I say I mind not: Powder will help make

Our round of pleasure in a tedious world!

And here he comes with three jugs of good wine.

Re-enter Powder

Powder. Hark, comrades! didst hear that merman's flute?
Whilst billowy waves dashed on the foam-flecked
rocks,
I heard his flute above the Atlantic's roar.

Quicklife. Hear us, and let the laughing mermaids sing.
Knowest thou that we in observation wise,
In judgment merciful and rich apparel,
Find yet some virtue in thy ambition?
Henceforth, Powder, thou walkest with greatness.

Powder. O lovely wine! drawn from the purple necks
Of luscious grapes.

Prince. Necks, Powder?

Powder. Necks in the literal sense—Valencia grapes.

Quicklife. Wilt thou not drink?

Powder. Where Orpheus greets the pink-eared dawn of
spring
The glorious Heaven bespeaks Orpheus' joy
In Mesopotamia.

Quicklife. [Striking him] For this thou receivest excellent
cudgeling.

Powder. Enough! O spare, indeed, my splendid bones,
Which men to come will guard with reverence
When I am sleeping in old earth's green tomb;
O wine, in thy red mirror there appears
A witch with hanging tongue o'er boiling pot
Of human blood. Hark, my comrades, she sings!

Prince. Sing the witch's song, Powder.

Quicklife. Sing, or be valiantly cudgeled!

SONG

Powder. Death blows out the flame of life;
His sharp seythe reaps bones and skull.
Curst be they who watch his wife
Magic take from cauldron full.

What are famine, cold and heat?
Food to make the cauldron's feast.
What are fever, war and hate?
Evil fire, my Beauty Beast.

Heap the cinders, spiders weave;
Black cat howl and white bat fly;
Tired eyelids raise to grieve,
All make ill to quickly die!

Prince. She's a wicked, toothless, croaking old witch.

Quicklife. And she toothlessly croaketh wickedly.
Powder. I see—
Enter Don Angelo

Angelo. Ho, Prince and Quicklife! Away with you to court,
 Wine-drinking servants! What strange creature's this?

Prince. Powder, the poet.

Angelo. Poet, you are commissioned to write an ode
 On the king's birthday.

Powder. I have an hundred odes ready.
 I'll recite them.

Angelo. Wilt thou now? First let me mount my horse!
[Exit Don Angelo.]

Prince. [Striking him] We'll royal-ode you for frightening Don Angelo.

Quicklife. [Choking him] We'll royal-ride ye, ye moon-eyed, long shanked,
 Unassailable bagpipe o' words!
 Swear on thy knees for gracious pardon!

Powder. Yon burning blush of sunrise on the hills
 Glory environed—

Prince. Drink thy wine, Powder! What dost thou know?
Powder. I know a tale for none but naughty ears,
 But which, like good wine to the moderate man,
 Is to the seasoned mind worth listening to.

Quicklife. That tale we'll hear when we have time to hear it;
 Come, Prince and Powder, we'll not longer stay,
 As servants of the king we must obey.
[Exit.]

SCENE IV

A Room in Don Lujanes's House.

Enter Marpetta.

Marpetta. O wild-eyed jealousy! Thou imp of hell!
 Make harder than the warrior's battle-steel
 My woman's heart! Be thou more cruel
 Than winter winds that freeze up mountain caves
 With starving beasts; more pitiless than
 The heat of the sun which drives the traveler mad
 Upon the desert wastes! Thou sweet, bright
 eye of night,
 Which in the silver sky doth flood this room
 With golden light from yon glorious heaven.
 Hide thou from murder behind this curtain!

Or thy pale countenance, like a ghostly judge,
Will invoke my soul to innocence and come
Between me and this deed. That knock at the
door
Does summon me to hear the sound of death.
Work, poisoned cup! Who drinks thee gives
life up!

Enter Lujanes

Lujanes.

A happy evening to my sweetheart! What
Bright angel whispered in these pearl pink ears,
Kissed these rose lips with gentle, winning smiles,
And, loving her, gave me a goddess?
When you are rested and refreshed with wine.
Then let me answer you; now drink your wine.
See how it sparkles in a silver cup!
Beneath the window I will sit and play
Sweet music which shall chase dull care away.

Lujanes.

Hope, like a star,
Sits in the crown of my ambition
To gain royal favor. 'Tis the ripe time
For further action, when, by hewing down
The tops of greatness, I become as great.
The king will soon grow tired of Olivares;
How soon shall I become his favorite?
Did you speak, Lujanes? I will come to you.
I was praising your sweet music, angel—
Wealth will do much, high tides and winds of
chance
Favor my sails. Then, Fortune, come to me;
Cut loose the wreckage with thy golden axe
Which fouls my sea. It will be then a dream.
Dreams dream themselves and life is full of
dreams,

That swim in mortals' eyes, lodge in their ears;
Bury the living and unearth the dead;
Make monarchs tremble and the voices crack,
Which thunder through the hours of crowded
courts

Their kingdom's rule. Ha! what do dreams not do?
They rob from honest men their well-earned rest,
And in the thickness of night's eyebrows hatch
Dissensions in great rulers, bloody wars,
The birth of nations, the abuse of usury,
Quarrels' reactions, hell's heresy, ravaging lust:
Murderous affrays, vicious hates, self-slaughter;
All that is foul on earth, all damned in hell!
There's not a wolf that howls with bloody tongue
At morning's door, but is enthralled in dreams;
Heaven itself dreams would dismantle,
But that their mighty hands do barely reach
Divinity's top-tower!

Marpetta.
Lujanes.

Marpetta.

More wine, drink more?

Lujanes.

No more. Cease not to play sweet music!
 Draw back the curtains; let the air stream in.
 Methinks my body burns with fever!
 What dancing fire stabs my eyeballs thus
 With lightning pain? What villainy's afoot?
 What treachery's here? O hell! I'm poisoned!
 Hot irons blind me! Where art thou, girl?
 Give me some water! water! water!
 To quench this fearful flame upon my tongue!
 Hell burns me up! Burst, you closed clouds
 And pour down oceans of your winter rain,
 That I may wet my lips before I die!
 Water, Marpetta! Where's there a rock
 That I may cling to and avert my doom
 Ere I plunge into this bottomless abyss?
 Where's my dagger? my trusted, faithful dagger?
 I will fall on its jutted front of steel,
 To drink my own warm blood and vomit
 The monster death upon the face of murder!

[He falls.]

Oh, for an ounce of strength! A drowning sea!
 I laughed at death, but now death laughs at me!

[He dies.]

Marpetta.

Keep with the dead, thou prostrate body!
 Thy soul shall keep with me! No more shall life
 Enter this temple fair, nor harrowing care
 Furrow the sweetest face that e'er was man's.
 He was my morning sun, my evening star,
 My bright and gentle day, my heart's desire,
 My bosom's fond delight, my hope divine,
 My more than mortal part 'twixt heaven and earth!

Then, you immortal gods, receive his soul,
 For I will journey whither he will go,
 And be the shadow of his heavenly wing,
 Rather than live to mock his body's dust
 Which sleeps with death. O thou bright moon,
 Gazing in wonder through the peaceful night,
 Spread in the shadow of this silent room
 A golden circle which shall be our tomb!
 'Tis said, that at heaven's gate sweet music's
 heard

Which was commanded there when love was born
 To signify that never love hath end.

Your bright dagger, Lujanes, helps me to you.
 Hide in my bosom!

[*Stabbing herself*] Farewell, thou unkind world!

[She dies.]

ACT THIRD

SCENE I

An Open Place in a Forest

Enter King Philip, Princess Maria, Mercica, Don Luis de Haro, François, Don Angelo, Prince, Quicklife, Lords and Ladies costumed as hunters; Soldiers and Foresters afoot

Philip. Let there be brought here, my two swift hounds, Apollo and Diana; I will match them Against my incomparable falcons, Longears and Shortspurs.

[Exit Prince.]

Don Angelo. Your Majesty, there comes Good report from the Marquis of Velez; The Catalans are in flight before him, Suffering great defeat.

Philip. This is good news To hear on an excellent hunting morn; Did not Apollo run from Diana In this same forest but a month ago?

Don Angelo. Your Majesty forgets, it was the hound Diana that o'ertook the fallow deer; Your two hounds covered the ground neck by neck, Until the deer twisted between the trees.

Re-enter Prince with hounds and falcons

Philip. Apollo and Diana shall have start Of my two falcons full a hundred yards: Go, set them in the forest that they chase The hare toward us; the hound and falcon That are winners of this speedy race I'll match again.

[Exit Prince with hounds and falcons.]

De Haro. Your Majesty, this word Is sent by messenger from the palace; Our gracious Prince, Don Juan of Austria, Inflicting great loss to his enemies, With but a small loss of his brave soldiers, Has taken Lerida.

Philip.

Yet better news!

Methinks my brave son Juan will wear my
crown,
A mighty king. Don Angelo, go bear
On swiftest horses to the town Lerida,
My message to Don Juan of Austria:
That I, the king, am proud of him to-day,
And Spain will welcome home her warrior
prince.

Don Angelo.

Your Majesty's message shall soon reach him.

[*Exit Don Angelo.*]

Philip.

Does my falcon Longears now weigh more
Than greedy Shortspurs?

François.

Both weigh alike,
Yet always Shortspurs proved the fleetest bird;
Both falcons are in fine mettle to-day.

Philip.

'Tis time, methinks, to hear the huntsman's horn
From yonder clump of trees—let me hear it!

[*Exit Quicklife.*]

Enter Olivares

Olivares.

Thus happily I find your Majesty
To offer you my congratulations
On the acquisition of an estate,
Which has worth of twelve hundred thousand
crowns;
The Duke of Braganza having rebelled,
Incited by Eleanora de Guzman,
Who has had put to death Vasconcellos,
Governor of Portugal; this traitor Duke
Proclaims himself John IV of Portugal,
Calling on our subjects to crown him king;
Therefore, his estates are confiscated.

Philip.

Yes, look that the mischief be remedied;
Here they come! Now haste thee, good Diana!
Oh, thou art running pretty. Oh, Longears!
Oh, my brave falcon! Now do your sharp spurs
Uplift the panting hare! Well done, Diana!
Much like a silver arrow you broke through
The green thicket. 'Twas a grand race!
My falcon, your bright eyes of victory
Are humble now, like waters of a stream
Which brightened, then went into peaceful shade.
Lead them before me into the forest;
This race between them shall yet prove the best;
We will ride after them and shield our eyes
From the noon sun.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

A Graveyard at Night

*Two nuns discovered digging a grave**Enter Don Luis de Haro.*

De Haro. God's peace be here with you, good sisters; It moves me with compassion to behold How nobly in the cause of charity You toil beneath a little lantern's rays. The heavens surely witness this kind act, And God receives it. Gentle sisters, rest While I perform this pitiful duty Which you would do. I knew the maid Whose corpse you'll bury in this hallowed ground; My tears shall fall into her woeful grave, With poignant sorrow from my weeping eyes, As a friend's last rites, so you permit me?

First Nun. Here is the spade, sir; may God requite you— We would know more of the maid we bury.

De Haro. It was a murderous hand that struck her down, Which will show guilty on the Judgment Day Stained with the blood of an innocent maid.

Second Nun. We will watch o'er your labor with our prayers Commended unto God.

[*Nuns retire to a distance.*]

De Haro. Let flowers arise Upon this place where sounds the tolling bell; As you were young, Love's fires light the nights, So that on youth's flowers it will not be dark; As you had virtue when bright nights are done, Sun, keep Love's fires a-light with golden days; As you had hope you sang through joyous reeds, Till their full volume called together all The sweet musicians of the air and land. To purple vineyards, to daisied meadows, To tree-fringed hills, to violet valleys. To green-leafed lanes, to woodland cathedrals, Refreshing dews fall when the earth is parched, And make clear fountains to allay their thirst. As you had beauty which consented to Share with the beauteous rose its joyful wealth, So this ugly death which now conceals you

With chilling breath, is like cloudy vapor
 When it obscures the beauty of the rose.
 It melts away as the great golden sky
 Sends down its radiant, generous warmth;
 Your grave, sweet maid, is only clouded over
 With thieving time's unfavorable mist
 Which fears the presence of coming angels.

[Exit.]

SCENE III

The Throne Room in the Palace

*Enter King Philip, Don Luis de Haro, the Count of Olivares,
 the Marquis of Spinola, Don Juan of Austria, François,
 Don Angelo, Senators and Nobles, Lords and Ladies,
 Soldiers, Attendants, etc.*

Philip. When the reaction of appeal offends
 As silent witness to indignities
 Which, through false presumption, made their
 cause
 To make more power than granted power,
 In the acquiescence rises insult,
 In the full knowledge shame is brazen
 With reputation poor as shifting sand.
 Stand forth before our presence, Olivares.
 To listen to these true indictments
 Which would undo our reign of government.

Don Juan. You did weaken by improper measures
 The garrisons of soldiers in Seville,
 Malaga, Valladolid, Badajos,
 Valencia, Toledo, Cuenea,
 Miñanda, La Corruna, Aquilas,
 Huesca, Cordova and Granada;
 From which our armies in the Netherlands
 Could not draw forces to withstand defeat.

De Haro. Our wealthy possessions beyond the seas
 Stand wounded by the fleets of England,
 France and Holland. Our misgoverned provinces,
 Lorraine and Italian Burgundy,
 Have kindled with the flaming torch of war,
 Which spreads hot revolts in cities and towns.
 Our Portugal, the golden gate of Spain,
 Is one huge arsenal of our enemies,
 Whose barking throats gape wide for bloody war!
 You did consent in secret conference
 To make with France dishonorable peace.

Off'ring to the French king's emissaries
 Five hundred thousand crowns of Spanish gold,
 Which you adjudged could by base deficits
 Unsignatured from the kingdom's treasure
 Be as unnoticed loss. That waste of gold
 Would in equivalent value build up
 A fleet of warships in Barcelona,
 Cadiz and Balboa. Our far islands
 In the blue Indian seas have blood-stained shores,
 Dyed more with our brave dead than with our
 dead foes.
 Yet qualms of conscience may make you tremble,
 Still the giant finger of accusation
 Will point to more!

Olivares.

Hear me, my sovereign king:
 There is conspiracy amongst your lords,
 Your great nobles, senators and statesmen,
 Not to prove the fundamental truth of things,
 But to employ artifice of falsehood;
 Which, like wild pounding waves against the
 rocks,
 Make but noisy and restless actions,
 While the calm ocean performing service
 Labors to benefit the land from which
 It is inseparable. These nobles,
 These statesmen who accuse me will concede
 They are as branches of the Tree of State
 And should grow to it in strong succession
 Of loyalty's achievements; they should be
 So strongly steeped with its pregnant sap
 That poisoning rains of calamity,
 Or warring storms that shake the stronger trunk
 Strike to recoil, and that which does attack
 Should be likewise attacked.

Philip.

Speak no more, sir!
 What pardon we withheld you have quite lost,
 Trying to blind our actual knowledge,
 Which will not budge. We speak now in anger,
 Which has been roused by your condemnation
 Of those whose honor wears to brighter age;
 Therefore, your trial ends. Thus, I proclaim
 Don Luis de Haro your successor;
 Gaspar de Guzman, Duke of Simances,
 Count of Olivares, I, Philip of Spain,
 Do order you to exile in Toro,
 Thence to Italy. At dawn to-morrow
 You will be ready for your long journey.

[Exit Olivares, guarded by soldiers.

ACT FOUR

SCENE I

Interior of a Tavern

Enter Prince, Quicklife, Powder, and Lapatto.

Quicklife. Our stomachs are the columns that support us;
Let us have goodly venison, Lapatto.

We'll drink with it a cheerful bowl of wine.

Lapatto. Welcome, my friends; I will serve you quickly.
Drink and make merry to your heart's content.

[Exit Lapatto.

Powder. Is graeful deer that erstwhile browsed knee-deep
'Mongst forest ferns, now food for royal feast?

Prince. Oh, you dear bard, you shall eat cold horned
Is thy pauneh ready to accept it? [stag!

Quicklife. He who lives longest has the most.—
We are the jolly comrades of Bacchus,
So here's a song:

SONG

Quicklife. Who would merrier live than I?
Heigh-ho, tell me, I pray?
Love me or my heart will die;
Love me not, or tell me why,
Be't Michaelmas or May!

Chorus:

My sword shall guard a maiden's glance,
When maiden's charm's mine eyes entrance.

Who has fewer cares than I,
In rose-time and autumn?
Not a world my love shall buy,
But thy true heart alone may try,
If it be worth that sum?

Chorus:

Oh, mine is not an injured heart;
Cupid ne'er shot his cruel dart.

Enter Lapatto bearing food and wine

Prince. Here while we sit at pleasant feast, Powder,
We will listen wisely to you, begin.

Powder. This is the story of Brozzario.

Quicklife. The wondrous story of Brozzario!

Powder. Hills, rocks, ravines, torrents and roaring lions—
Halt, Powder! The roaring lions will not do;
You may, for substitute, say hungry wolves.

If my knowledge does serve me truthfully,
There is but one lion in the whole of Spain.
And he is liberally stuffed with straw.

Prince.

Commence anew; let there be no mistakes.

Powder.

Hills, rocks, ravines, torrents and hungry wolves!
Forked lightnings flash and fearful thunders roar!
Between the horns of tempests, spouting clouds
Of hell's red fire tear night asunder,
The frightened wolves rush down the mountain
In rear of brave Brozzario; he holds [sides
The fortress pass. Dawn comes. The bristling
foe

Climbs to the assault o'er steep jagged rocks;
The wolves of hell snarl at his iron-shod heels.
"Back!" shouts Brozzario to his enemies.
"A thousand of thy slain shall hurl thee back,
To feed the vultures!" With this Fernandez,
Advancing chieftain of his brigand band,
Thrice circling his sword above his head,
Attacks Brozzario. Hark! how his sword
Breaks on Brozzario's shield to pieces—

[*Powder seizes the two swords of Prince and
Quicklife, and acting the fury of Brozzario,
hacks one of the wooden benches.*

Prince.

Hold, Powder! Thou art spoiling the king's
sword!

Powder.

Swords clash! lightnings fall! thunders crack!
Brozzario fights! chops! beats! kills his foes!

Quicklife.

Stop, mad poet! Will you give me my sword?

[*Powder lunges and pricks Prince and Quick-
life and drives them from the tavern.*

Powder.

Out! out you vile raseals, run for your lives!

Now I am the master of these servants.

Who for too long a time have mastered me;

This trophy of a bloodless fight I'll wear,

To let him know who dares encounter me

In brawls or arguments that I will make

My sword go further with a bloody wound.

Come forth, Lapatto, from your hiding place!

Re-enter Lapatto

You are presented with a soldier's gift,

To use right well against your enemies;

Lift high your sword with mine and shout with

me:

"Long live the king! Hurrah for victory!"

"Long live the king! Hurrah for victory!"

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Before the Gates of the Palace

Soldiers in background waiting to convey Olivares into exile
Enter Olivares.

Olivares. How like a glorious sun Spain's grandeur shines
 Upon the distant shores of all the world,
 While the foundation of her kingdom stands
 A mountainous rock of gold, surrounded by
 A jewel-freighted sea. Spain, thou art yet
 The seat of mighty kings, whose mounting
 spirits
 Ride on the wings of victory to discover
 New lands to conquer; whose challenges to war,
 Blowing from Fame's loud trumpet with her
 breath
 Like threatening storms which blacken summer
 Weaken the valor and hostile defiance [skies,
 Of watchful enemies. Thy throne shines on
 The breeding hives of warriors, whose arms
 Vanquish the war-ribbed world by land and sea
 In bravest battles. Here, as I kneel
 To kiss my love to thee upon my sword,
 And pay thee homage from my grieving heart.
 Dear homeland of sweet-breathing vineyards,
 Fair gardens inlaid with glittering palaces
 And treasured castles! from thee, dear Spain,
 I take a handful of my native earth
 Which shall pluck misery from my banished
 years,
 As death robs life of terror. These sharp-edged
 So small, yet cruel, shall be my trowels, [flints,
 This virgin dust my loam, my hands the masons
 Which shall build walls of darkness round my
 eyes,
 Blinding me to Italy's beauty, but restoring
 To my lost eyesight when in exile
 The matchless beauty of my lovely Spain,
 And more beloved. Yonder the morning light
 Heralds the sun climbing the eastern sky,
 And floods with crimson gold the palace windows
 Where Philip sleeps at ease beneath his crown.
 Now my extenuated hour expires—
 Come, soldiers, come, and do your duty.
 (*Soldiers take him.*)

God forgive you, soldiers! I forgive you.
 Farewell, my king; farewell, farewell, dear Spain!

The end.

LYCIDAS AND FELICIA

Loud rang the chimes one summer's morn,
 Across the burnished, flaming gold
 Of gossamer, furze, and wild hawthorn;
 Across the valley, lea and wold—
 To wealth and beauty, grace and pride,
 To noble, warrior-knight, and churl;
 To Lycidas and his fair bride,
 Felicia, daughter of an earl,

Thrice-happy rang the wedding bells.
 In gardens fair the summer flow'rs
 Dropped honey from their fragrant wells
 On bordered paths in golden hours;
 The blossoms floated down the brook,
 The rivulet sang in the dell,
 The lily's triple shadow shook,
 The ripe fruit in the orchard fell.

A band of gold enringed her head,
 Her bridal robes hung snowy white,
 On her bosom slept a moss-rose red,
 In her large eyes shone love's pure light.
 The lark, soaring heavenward, spilled
 In silver chimes his sweetest song,
 The ringing, falling echoes filled
 Purple woodland and valley long;

Fern-deep forest and mossy dell,
 Herb-scented copse and leafy glen,
 Where radiant streaming sunbeams fell
 Upon the golden-crested wren;
 Where roaming deer could slake their thirst
 At brooks half hid in silvery gloom;
 'Twas there the light of Summer burst
 With rose-buds into perfect bloom.

Proudly the silver trumpets blew
 From parapets and castle halls;
 The rich silk-shining banners flew
 Their colors from the castle walls;
 Through glittering lances pennant-hung,
 Through one long chain of armor'd light,
 Through one long lane of henchmen strong
 Rode Lycidas with sword sun-bright,

On his great battle-horse, proud maned,
 Black as the raven's wing; head plumed,
 Golden-stirruped, Arabian blood veined,
 Arch-necked, breast mail illumined;
 On her white steed with flowing hair,
 White-robed Felicia, angel-browed,
 Sat like a goddess strangely fair,
 A crown'd queen riding through a crowd.

Crusader of the Holy Land
 Was Lycidas; for God's good truth
 Rose arm'd knights at his command,
 Defenders of the Christian faith;
 Upon his gleaming helmet shone
 Her crown of gold; his strong, fierce face
 Was set to win and make him known,
 A Saxon chieftain of his race.

Oh, nobly to the castle rode
 The gallant bridegroom, happy bride;
 Oh, fair-set in the sunlight glowed
 The ancient castle tall and wide;
 One flashing trumpet's silver sound
 Rolled clear and far as twilight fell—
 Rolled from a silver throat, and found
 An answer in one evening bell.

The crimson fire of sunset wore
 To golden gleam of molten light,
 As peaks of darkness towered o'er
 The refulgent moon-hung dawn of night;
 Till, hazed in twilight's amber glow
 And cloudy-veiled with fiery spray,
 Flickered in one long flaming row,
 The gold-burnt ashes of the day.

Truth ever folds in his strong arms
 Love's sister, Grief; bestowing rest,
 Revealing peace, but more, he warms
 With softened glow the haunted breast;
 Unwatched, his gliding footsteps trace
 A pathway through the darkest night;
 A shadow falls across a face—
 The darkness of the night is light!

Throughout the fragrant summer nights
 The nightingale sang out her song;
 The thin moon gilded mountain heights,
 The abbey-tower, the castle strong;
 Where paced Felicia, fair to see,
 But, moving to a higher pride,
 Wrung her white hands in agony.
 With pensive-stricken face she cried:

“What curse has fallen upon me,
 That I remain a childless wife?
 O motherhood! beholding thee,
 I see in thee the good of life;
 The light of joy, the soul’s reward,
 The breath of virtue, patient fear—
 Though on thy good lips die unheard
 The saddest words that none shall hear.”

Sometimes dim forms of those she knew,
 Sometimes dark pictures vast and deep,
 Painted by Death, leapt into view,
 Or startled her in fretful sleep:
 Once, dreaming that her absent lord
 Upon the battlefield lay dead,
 Felicia in a vision heard
 A voice she knew not, and which said:

“Steal forth into the shrouded night;
 Search for a mother at whose breast
 Sucks a sweet babe; make her eyes bright
 With gifts of gold, and presents prest
 In her warm palm; calm her wild fears;
 Persuasion’s angel thou mayst be
 To stay her anguish and her tears,
 Her wretched shame and poverty.

“Heaven’s law hath sealed thy childless womb,
 But a brave heir the babe shall prove,
 To bow in vigil at thy tomb,
 To cherish and obey thy love;
 Yet from thy Lord Lyeidas keep
 The secret locked within thy breast:
 Lest he be wrathful, lest thou weep
 In nights of sorrow shorn of rest.”

A trembling figure clothed in black,
 Treading a path of pale moonlight
 Along a darksome forest track,
 Knocked at a peasant's hut one night.
 A voice of sweetness touch'd with love
 Spoke through a richly-woven veil;
 A mother's prayer reached heav'n above,
 A mother's sob, an infant's wail.

Then spake Felicia once again:
 "Sweet soul, for thy sake and for mine,
 My bosom carries half thy pain,
 Thou spar'st one child from all of thine."
 Forever, as the morning gray
 Stole o'er the forest breathing sweet,
 Forever passed a night away
 That nevermore with time would meet.

Three years had lapsed since Lycidas
 Embarked for Holy Palestine,
 Now he returned victorious,
 With kindled features half-divine.
 In wild joy clashed the abbey-bells,
 On castle-walls, on mountain-spires,
 On rugged peaks, on pine-crowned hills,
 The bright day died in golden fires.

The vapors of the dying day,
 Ladened with perfume, lingered when
 The woodland songs had passed away.
 When life was hushed in sleep again;
 Broad shadows from the red dusk ran
 Athwart the slopes of fading light,
 And bright stars, rising one by one,
 Sang in the darkened fields of night.

* * * * *

Fair grew the boy in nature's sun,
 With golden ringlets, eyes as blue
 As full-blown violets in June,
 With heart and soul commingling true.
 Some presenee shap'd his life for good,
 Some tidal happiness his sky;
 Each winter built him sturdy blood.
 Each summer lit his face with joy.

He looked in the blue vault of heaven
 Through dreaming larch and cypress wood,
 He heard the hunter's shrill blast given
 To let in streams the stag's hot blood;
 Holding aloof from fame, he heard
 His father's valiant praise of war,
 Rushing waters where sedges stirred,
 The calm's low sound, the tempest's roar.

He did not know through changing years
 The thought invisible that grew,
 The two-fold love through secret tears,
 The care that from his nature drew
 The thorns that wake to prick the blood,
 The guilt of vice, the unlearned mind,
 The ear that feeds on slander's food,
 The clownish spirit of his kind.

CLEOPATRA'S DREAM

Far in his flight, the vulture, with spread wings,
 Between the distant pyramids tracks the night;
 Beyond them turns again, when failure swings,
 Unnoted 'neath the long sky's golden height.

And far from its black evil, as they run
 Toward the silver river's banks of green—
 Girt with the forest leopard's spots of sun—
 Proclaim the royal heralds Egypt's queen.

Music of harps from temples softly steals
 Round shimmering mists that incensed torches bear;
 The cushion'd camel in the desert kneels,
 Blowing the hot sand to the evening air;

The moon shines on his bridle's ivory shells.
 The slaves under the palm-trees watch and wait;
 Egypt's God of Love in the sweet night dwells,
 While sleeps the Egyptian God of Hate.

On the bright river float the shore's loose weeds,
The curv'd reeds' shadows widen in the waves,
The heron's nest rocks on the nodding reeds,
While Cleopatra in the cool Nile bathes,

Cleansing her eyes in Nature's pool of joy,
And stirs the water's silence when she moves;
Before her minstrels their sweet art employ
To play on shepherds' pipes the songs she loves.

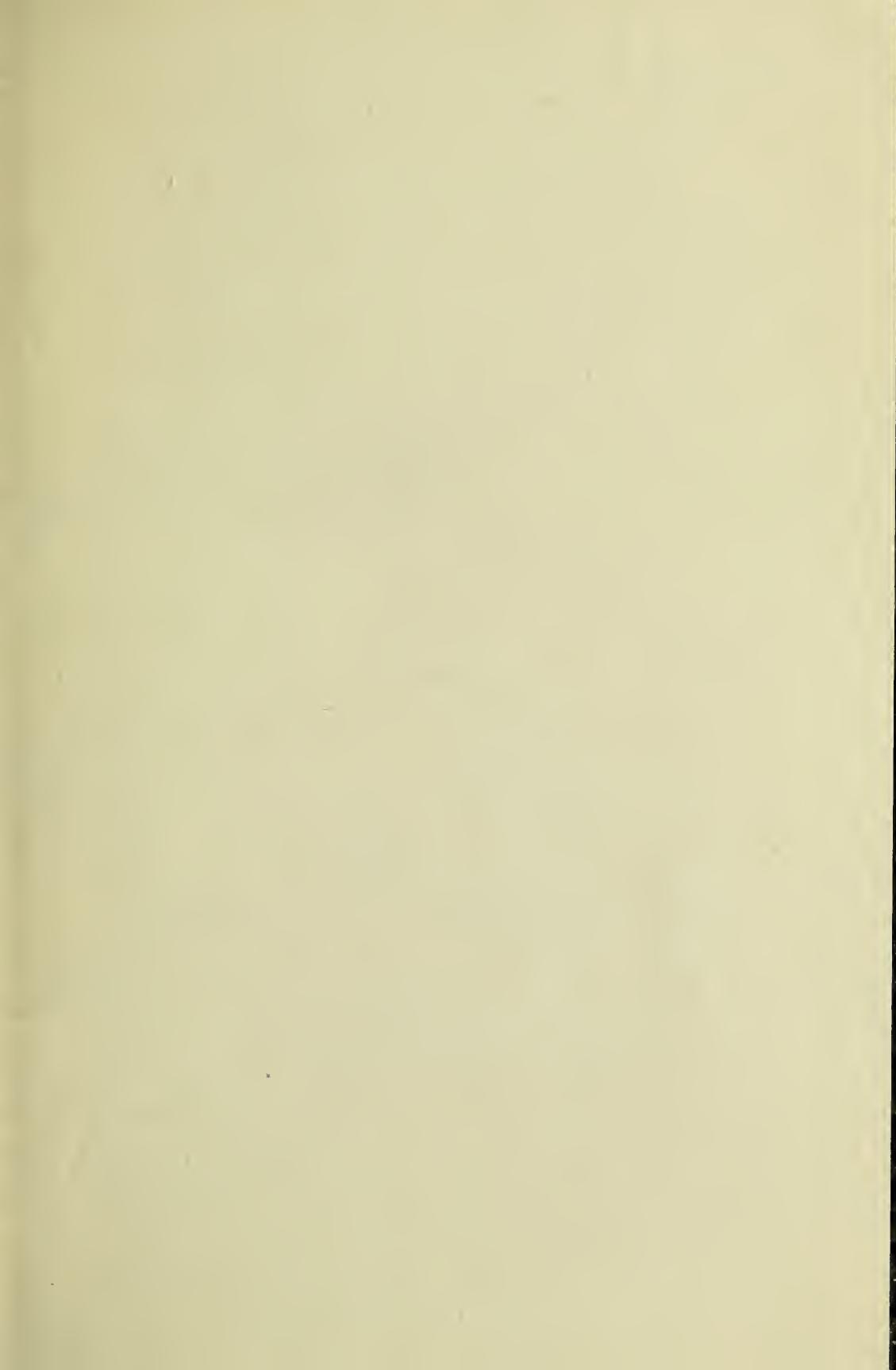
Stopped by her shadows, in the dusk of each,
The same face peers through them a moment's while;
She grasps the rushes' darkness within reach
That banks the stream of moonlight on the Nile.

In Night's dark robe, her pleading shoulders hide
The pale fear of their fronts that miss the shore;
Her lifted lips of beauty bid the wide
Sky's downcast orb of light be clouded o'er;

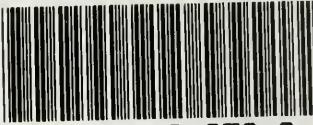
Which o'er the flowing Nile, the sunless sand,
The sandal'd feet, the bells of opening sound,
Throws down its heatless rays on Egypt's land,
The imitate of day that lights the ground,

Which lovely makes the music of the night,
The breaking echoes, the swift herald's fame;
The desert's entrance welcome to the sight;
Which lovely makes the praise fast following blame.

Over the desert's halting places falls
The palm-trees' shade, bringing no running brooks;
On the stone steps within her palace walls
Egypt's Queen into her oldest slave's eyes looks!



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 793 070 9